Arx Herculea Servata ;

OR

Gibraltar Delivered.

1570 / 1478.

ARX HERCULEA SERVATA,

QUUM AB

HISPANIS SIMUL AC *GALLIS*

OBSIDERETUR;

ANNO M, DCC, LXXXII.

OR,

GIBRALTAR DELIVERED,

A

POEM,

IN

LATIN AND ENGLISH.

Inscribed to the Right Honorable

ADMIRAL LORD VISCOUNT HOWE,

And the Right Honourable

GENERAL GEO. AUG. ELIOTT, K. B.

LONDON:

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M, DCC, LXXXIII.

1570/1478.

ARX HERCULEA SERVATA.

Quà Phæbo propiore ſolum ſe jactat Iberum,
Et Libyâ minimo disjungitur intervallo;
Vertice multiplici rupes ſe tollit in auras,
Multos jam rupes annos memorabilis, olim
Herculeâ diſrupta manu: porrecta per undas
Hinc mare quod medium terras interfluit, illinc

Proſpicit

GIBRALTAR DELIVERED.

WHERE fair Iberia boaſts her Southmoſt ſkies,
And Lybia's ſhore at ſhorteſt diſtance lies,
A many-headed Rock its creſt uprears,
A memorable Rock for length of years.
'Twas Hercules' ſtrong hand firſt made the breach,
And tore it piece-meal from the Lybian beach.

Encroaching

Proſpicit Oceanum, geminoque allambitur æſtu.
Mole ſuâ Libycum rurſus contingere littus
Velle videtur adhuc; ſed jam Neptunus ovanti
Interfuſus aquâ legem renovare priorem,
Cognatoque iterùm ſeſe vetat addere ſaxo.
Hœc quoties magno bellorum culmina motu
Perſonuêre! Virúm quot millia cæſa cruentum
Preſſerunt iſthmon! Quoties circumflua cæde
Æquora creverunt, & decolor alluit unda!

Quam ſibi vicinæ vario certamine gentes
Quæſierant, victor pridem ſedet arce Britannus,
Munitiſque jugis, expelli neſcius, hæret.
Nequidquam

Encroaching on the deep, its nether hand
Surveys the ſea that laves the *middle-land*,
Its right the OCEAN's ever-rolling pride
Controls, and bleaches in a double tide.
The maſs immenſe ſtill homeward ſeems to bend,
And long with kindred ſtone its ſtone to blend;
But Neptune, with his waters in his train,
Scours thro' the Straits, and makes the effort vain.
How oft yon heights have heard the battle groan!
What ſlaughter hath that little Iſthmus known!
How oft grown mighty with an heap of ſlain,
Circumfluous tides have purpled all the main!

Lo! on theſe ROCKS, whoſe blood-diſputed right,
Contending nations long engaged in fight,
Victorious Britain ſits enſhrined in ſtone;
Herſelf a *rock*, and not to be o'erthrown.

Nequidquam audaces immittit Iberia turmas,
Et conjurato circumdant agmine claſſes;
Nequidquam promptus jungit ſe Gallus Ibero,
Borbonidæque ſuas ſociant in prælia vires;
Quidquid vaniloquo cecinerunt carmine vates,
Naufragio vires ſociæ mergentur eodem.
Scilicet invictos huc intulit Anglia natos,
Impoſuitque ducem, quo non patientior alter
Frigoraque & ſolem & belli tolerare labores:
Salve, ſancte ſenex, nulli ceſſure priorum,
ELLIADE! rapido pugnantes dejicis igni,
Dejectos idem lachrymans amplecteris hoſtes.

Sed

In vain Iberia's choſen troops abound,
In vain her congregated fleets ſurround,
In vain may Gaul her ready force combine,
The kindred force of BOURBON's vaunted line:
* Whate'er their faithleſs poets may rehearſe
Their force ſhall ſuffer ſhipwreck with their verſe.
Here Anglia's freeborn ſons attend the fight,
Beneath a Chieftain of undaunted might;
Whom neither heat, nor cold, nor want, can foil;
" Unconquer'd Lord of *hunger* and of *toil*."
Hail ELIOTT, hail, time-ever-honour'd ſage!
Second to none in hiſtory's fair page,
Whether to launch the red hot fiery blow,
Or pitying ſnatch from fate the wave-o'er-whelmed foe.

* Modern poets are no prophets. The Old Rock would not this day have enjoyed an Engliſh garriſon, had the predictions of French poetry been fulfilled.

Sed jam victor adeſt captâ CRILLONIUS urbe,
Nomina cui fecit Mago; jam læta ſequuntur,
Et latè extentis conſidunt agmina caſtris.
Aſt hìc major obex, majoraque bella ſuperſunt.
Hos inter, pulchro qui laudis amore volentes
Adveniunt, PRINCEPS accurrit amabilis, ignem
Hoſtilem primò viſurus, & horrida Martis
Prælia: purpureo ſublucet gratia vultu.
Mirantur ſocii regalia munera plenis
Spargentem manibus, natoſque ad grandia ſenſus.
Hæc videt, & cunctos magno dignatur honore,
Non timet ELLIADES; ſummâ tranquillus ab arce

Terribili

And now victorious Crillon is in view,
On MAGO's conquer'd Iſle his laurels grew:
His joyous troops their victor chief ſurround,
And with their vaſt encampments crowd the ground.
But here a greater taſk awaits their arms!!!
Amidſt the throng which glory's ſacred charms,
On voluntary ſervice hither ſent,
* Behold yon PRINCELY YOUTH pre-eminent!
He comes the hoſtile fire to ſurvey,
And make in deeds of arms his firſt eſſay.
Tho' born to actions of heroic kind,
His graceful manners ſpeak a gentle mind.
His comrades ſee the PRINCELY HERO ſtand,
And ſcatter Royal gifts with open hand:
Eliott too ſaw—and with a ſoldier's pride,
Devoid of fear, the hoſtile movements ey'd:
Calmly

* Le Comte D'Artois.

Terribili fremitu ſerventia caſtra, ſinuque,
Algeſira, tuo venientia fulmina cernit.

En demùm lento procedunt ordine moles
Immenſæ, gravidæ flammis; rupique propinquant,
Incluſumque utero exitium, ſtragemque minantes.
Avulſos credas fluitare per æquora montes.
Intereà vaſtis ſaxi fornacibus ardet
Mutua pernicies, & reſponſura parantur
Fulmina fulminibus. Propiùs ne accede, vel hoſti
Jam miſeranda cohors! Arti ſed credula vanæ *
In ſua fata ruit. Virtutem luget inanem,
Magnanimos fruſtrà luget generoſus Iberos
Elliades; at dura tamen non parcere belli
Jura ſinunt, animumque ſubit fortuna ſuorum.

Ergo

* Quâ nimirùm arte ita munitæ ſunt illæ naves, ut globis ignitis impervïæ putarentur.

Calmly explored the glowing camp's array,
And the yet ſleeping thunder of the Bay.

At length by deep but ill concerted means,
'Pond'rous and ſlow, advance the vaſt machines,
Big with deſtruction lurking in the womb,
Approach the rock—and threaten inſtant doom.
You'd think huge mountains had uſurpt the flood!
Mean time reciprocally bent on blood,
On either ſide the heated forges glow,
With *thunder* for the *thunder* of the foe.
Oh come no nearer—Madmen! tempt not fate!
A foe muſt pity—pity comes too late!
In vain the gen'rous Eliott mourns their lot,
His country's int'reſt muſt not be forgot;
His own brave fellows firſt demand his care,
And the hard laws of war forbid him ſpare.

Ergo jubet : ſimul ingenti cum murmure rupes,
Abruptis veluti laterum compagibus, orbes
Cantentes adaperta vomit. Non latiùs olim
Viſcera terrifico ſua diſpulit Ætna fragore,
Nec tantam ructavit hians in ſidera peſtem.
Ingruit attonitæ tempeſtas ignea claſſi,
Infundens latis incendia navibus ; omnes
Ancipiti trepidant certæ diſcrimine mortis ;
Illinc flamma premit miſeros, hinc æquora ponti
Sorbent vorticibus fugientûm ambuſta profundis
Corpora ; nulla fugæ ſuperat ſpes, nulla ſalutis.
Natorum teſtis deplorat Iberia cladem ;

Tuque

He gives the word. Straight from the jarring rock,
(As from the centre ſplitting with the ſhock)
Singeing in air the red hot bullets fly—
Not greater horrors agitate the ſky
When Ætna, roaring with inteſtine ire,
Diſgorges livid flakes of vivid fire.
From hull to hull the conflagration ſpreads,
The flaming tempeſt ſhowers on their heads,
The wretches ſee their miſery too late,
And tremble at the two-fold face of fate.
Unhappy men! no hopes of flight remain,
And ſcarce a melancholy choice in pain.
Here rage the flames, and there in waves expire
The half-burnt bodies that eſcape the fire.
Spain from afar beholds her heroes ſlain,
And ſees her beſt blood dye the purple main.

Tuque tui ploras operis, DARSONE, ruinam.
Non ſemel infelix, medio NASSOVIUS igne
Jerſæo (*) graviora malo nunc ſentit, & iram
Se furit innocuam forti juraſſe Britanno.

Quum flammam cæcis jam concepêre cavernis,
Pulvis ubi furioſa latet, mora nulla, per auras
Diſſiluêre, ſuo pereuntes munere, naves.
Horrendus procul intonuit fragor : æquora latè
Mota tremunt, longo gemuerunt littora planctu,
Percuſſumque ſonat repetito murmure ſaxum.
Arma, viri, tabulæ ſparguntur in æthera, ſeque
Præcipites iterùm ſubjecto gurgite condunt.

Hic

* Satis notum eſt quàm vani fuerint illius conatus Jerſæam inſulam invadentis.

Thou too Oh D'Arson ſee'ſt thy works o'er-
thrown!
Nassau, not foil'd in this exploit alone,
More horrors ſees than late on Jersey's ſhore
He ſaw, and weeps the vain revenge he ſwore.

Now had the active miſchief found a way
To the dark chambers, where conceal'd from
day,
The death-directing duſt empannel'd lay.
Burſting in air the ſplinter'd veſſels fly;
By their own ſtore of death the wretches die.
Wide ether groans, the trembling waters roar,
The wild contagion ſpreads from ſhore to ſhore:
Shrill ſcreaks of parting ſouls are heard around,
And the Old Rock re-bellows to the ſound.
Confuſed in air planks, arms, and men are toſt,
Confuſed in waves planks, arms, and men are loſt.

Oh

Hic tantæ merguntur opes ! hoc millia caſu
Tot periêre virûm ! Tanti periêre labores !

Arx ſilet intereà, requiêrunt fulminis iræ,
Elliades mæret victor : quos vicerat, hoſtes
Fluctibus eripiens ſervat, lenimina præbet
Vulneribus, vitæque fovens languentia reddit
Lumina : nunc animo dat mollia juſſa paterno,
Imperio nuper qui fæva tonitrua miſit.

Elliade, non vana tibi victoria parta eſt ;
Non tibi, quæ victis ſpes unica reſtat Iberis,

Non

Oh what a waſte of wealth encreas'd the flood!
What labours loſt; and what a ſea of blood!

Mean-time the fury of the battle o'er,
The ſilenc'd batteries deſiſt to roar.
The gen'rous ELIOTT feels his heart o'erflow
With pity for the ſuff'ring of the foe.
The hand that cruſh'd them now is ſtretch'd to ſave
The plunging wretches from a wat'ry grave.
The voice which late ſhook thunder thro' the air
Whiſpers ſoft mercy with a parent's care,
Bids bind their wounds, their fleeting breath reſtores,
And pours the balm of comfort on their ſores.

ELIOTT thy arms no uſeleſs conqueſts gain—
But one lorn hope thy baffled foes retain;

But

Non metuenda fames. En patria claſſis ab alto
Surgit in aſpectum, fluctuque invecta tumenti
Speratas oſtentat opes; procel aere ſummo
Nuncia venturi fulgent vexilla triumphi.
Disjicit adverſo ſocias dum flamine claſſes
Ventorum furor, & portu ſubmergit in ipſo;
Hovæus pelago tutus volitabat aperto.
Nec facto renuenda fides; nam teſtis Iberus
Prodigii conclamat: " Ei jam *militat æther*,
" *Et conjurati veniunt in claſſica venti* *."

Cur

* In chartis quibuſdam publicis rerum novarum nunciis hic Claudiani verſus in hanc rem allatus eſt; ut intelligeretur, in eodem freto, eodem tempore, procellam Hiſpanis, non Anglis, extitiſſe; atque ob hanc cauſam Hovæo fretum ingreſſo Cordovam obſiſtere non potuiſſe Quâ de re ſuum ſit cuique judicium.

But one lorn hope, thy ſpirit to ſubdue
By WANT—But lo! thy country's fleet's in view!
High in the air the Britiſh pendants fly,
A train of tranſports mark the wiſh'd ſupply.
While HOWE ſecurely ſtems the ſwelling tide
In full triumphant pomp of naval pride,
With the UNITED-FLEET the tempeſt's ſport,
And wreck their veſſels in the very port.
Strange as it is, the fact deſerves belief,
Let SPAIN's own annals witneſs SPAIN's own grief,
With HOWE, ſhe cries, *the elements unite,*
In Britain's cauſe the winds and waters fight!

But

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* Many foreign Gazettes, amongſt the reſt that of *Madrid*, had a claſſical quotation to this purpoſe. In the Latin, the exclamation, with more poetical but leſs hiſtorical juſtice, is conſigned to the mouth of the water-god *Ebro*; from which river Spain is ſuppoſed to have acquired the appellation of *Iberia*.

Cur hoſtem tamen inſequeris, CORDOVA; videbis
Mox Anglum verſis relegentum marmora velis;
Non Aſiæ portat vires, non munera Turcis,
Non petit Ægyptum: illi non oſtia pandet
Iſthmus Erythræus, longumque per æquora cur-
ſum:
Expectes reducem, nec bella oblata recuſet.
Aſt aliter viſum. Lætam converſus in arcem
Jam victum & ſocios pacata per otia fundit
HOVÆUS, repetitque viam. Simulata repellens

Prælia,

But why CORDOVA think th' occaſion loſt?
The BRITISH SQUADRON yet muſt brave thy hoſt.
No gifts it bears, no ASIATIC ſtores,
It ſeeks not ÆGYPT or the EUXINE ſhores.
* Mago no longer opes her arms to them,
A long, long paſſage homewards they muſt ſtem,
Wait their return thy vengeance to compleat,
Nor dread denial from the BRITISH FLEET;
But he judged better—ENGLAND's *floating pride*
With men and food the garriſon ſupply'd;
Her object gain'd, unmoors without delay,
Spreads the wide ſail, and reaſſumes her way;

* Mago, i. e. Port Mahon, is here ſubſtituted for the Red Sea in the oppoſite page. The Engliſh readers, it is hoped, will pardon this liberty, tho' like Queen Dido, we may be ſaid, only to remind them of their griefs. Theſe are *home truths*, a kind of family ſecrets, and fit only to be communicated in the mother tongue.

Prælia, ſectantes ſeſe jubet abdere portu,
Et victor ſine ſtrage ſuis allabitur oris.

Aſſerat æternum Regina BRITANNIA ponti
Imperium, latumque gerat ſecura tridentem,
Conjugio felix & multâ prole, GEORGI,
Felix & ducibus! Paci belloque paratus
Nil ſ metuis, ferrumque tenens prætendis olivam.
Sceptra manu validâ nequidquam avellere tentat
Orbis uterque novo ſociatus fœdere: tanto
Non labat aſſultu ſolium, triplicique columnæ

Nititur

Repels her foes mock-battery in ſport,
And ſends their veſſels ſkulking into port.
Then crown'd with victory unſtain'd with gore,
The GALLANT SAILOR ſeeks his native ſhore.

May Britain long her well-earn'd honours keep!
Unrivall'd ſway the trident of the deep!
Bleſt in a KING—bright CHARLOTTE bleſt in thee!
And a long line of ROYAL PROGENY!
In *ſuch* COMMANDERS bleſt!———
Oh! may the QUEEN OF ISLES for ever ſtand
Collected in herſelf, with the ſame hand,
Preſent the olive or uncaſe the blade,
Of no conſtrain'd alliances afraid.
Tho' the OLD World aſſociate with the NEW,
Britain, thy hardy ſpirit to ſubdue,

Nititur immotum ; triplici regione tuentur
Exorti heroes : Hovæos Anglia nutrit,
Elliadas antiqua tibi Caledonia mittit,
Et ſimiles ultrò jam libera mittet Ierne.

F I N I S.

Thy throne ſecure on three firm pillars ſtands
Guarded by heroes of three kindred lands.
HOWES yet-unthought-of ENGLAND ſhall adorn,
SCOTLAND ſhall give thee ELIOTTS yet unborn,
Grateful IERNE for *replevied* laws
Shall nouriſh heroes to the common cauſe.

THE END.

THE FOLLOWING

BOOKS

By P. THICKNESSE, Esq;

MAY BE HAD OF

M. DAVIS.

New Prose Bath Guide.

Valetudinarian's Bath Guide.

Epistle to Falconer.

Useful Hints.

Art of Decyphering.

Pere Pascal, a Monk of Montserrat, vindicated.

And Sketches of the Lives and Writings of the Ladies of France, by Mrs. *Ann Thicknesse*, 3 Vol. with a neat Engraving of the Head of *Mademoiselle Ninon de L'Enclos.*

Essay on Comedy, by *B. Walwyn.*

London, a Satire.